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a log-cabin as built in the Western wilderness. It will be seen that the structure is simplicity itself. Even the doors and windows are not built into the house but are cut out after the logs are laid up, often not determined upon as to number and location until the structure is otherwise nearly completed. The main idea of the house, as here suggested, is capable of almost indefinite expansion. The original cabin may be made the nucleus of an aggregation of structures, all forming one habitation. A favorite plan of log-cabin building often met with in Missouri and Southern Kansas gives two small cabins, wholly detached from each other except that they are covered by one roof. The open space between these furnishes a shelter from the sun and rain, and is usually, in fine weather, the lounging-place of the inmates. It is common, too, to find a detached cabin built for a cook-house, and perhaps the sleeping apartments of the family are in still another building joined to the central house by a lighter bit of log work, duly chinked and plastered or "daubed."

In case the main or central cabin is large enough to admit of sub-divisions, partitions are commonly made, it must be confessed, of sheets of cotton cloth stretched on a framework, or "furring" of split joists. I have seen these partitions, however, covered with fine split shakes wrought out almost as thin as the heavy paper used for lining carpets. When accessible, tongued and grooved inch-stuff makes a good material for partitions, and in no case, of course, should it be painted or stained. The openings may be masked with drapery of some sort, the most effective that I have ever seen being made of bur-laps hanging in thick folds

and very sparingly touched with a bright embroidery.

The details of an interior arrangement may be safely left to the taste and skill of the daring innovator who proposes to build for himself a log country house on "the American plan." I saw on the old wagon-road from Grasshopper Falls to Leavenworth, Kansas, many years before the rage for æsthetic house-building had begun to devastate the country, a house of hewn logs, chinked within and without with the yellow clay of the region, the pine timber slightly toned down in color by time and the weather, furnished in excellent taste with unpainted splint-bottomed chairs, home-made oaken tables, and cotton-wood bedsteads, and decorated with unconscious skill. Severe critics might object to the brilliant bit of color hanging in the window in the shape of a curtain of Turkey red. But even this did not disturb the harmony of the mellow tones of the timbered walls, the unpainted ceiling resting on unpeeled poles, and the spotless oaken floor. A huge fireplace, its jambs and lintel being each one massive rough-hewn block of stone, held a cheerful fire. An opening into a dormitory lately added to the house was screened by a portière, as I suppose it would now be called, made of grain-sacks ripped apart and sewn together again

in one sheet and enlivened with a cross-stitching of red crewel where the seams were made. The cook-house was detached from the main building and was, in fact, the ruder log-cabin in which the family had lived during their less prosperous days and had now deserted for the more pretentious timber house.

It is easy to see the capabilities of a house like this. The cabin of hewn logs is vastly more comfortable than the primitive habitation of unpeeled and unhewn logs. It is more easily kept free from prowling insects, rats and mice and such small deer; and the interior effect is far more cheerful than that of the cabin whose dark-skinned walls are somewhat sombre unless valuable space is sacrificed to window openings. Such a timber house as that here indicated was exhibited by the Swedish Government at the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, and was subsequently transferred to the Central Park where it now stands a refuge for the bats and owls, in an unfrequented part of that pleasure-ground.

But the cabin of logs left with their richly-tinted bark still on them is the more picturesque object in the landscape. Seen from a distance, exaggerated by the deceitful mirage of the prairie, the log-cabin often assumes the proportions and outlines of a castle, ex-

porary life goes on at their very elbows, all unnoticed? I have had a good dip into Italy in my time, and I am sure that with Thompson Street at hand there is no need of having models in the Piazza di Spagna. Where will you see better Italians, if it be Italians you are after, than you will find here? Look at them: combing one another's hair in doorways, and such hair! Or chattering, chaffing, and gesticulating around fish-carts or vegetable wagons! Or standing, three in a group, neat as wax, all dressed in calico, waist and skirt of different color and pattern, innocent of hoops, each with a clean white apron, each with her hair coiled round her head in fine braids, well oiled, and looking like a pretty beehive, and each holding a small baby as clean as herself! Or, if you will study children, here they are in rich variety! Luca della Robbia cherubs, or those of Perugino's making, quintessence of innocence, angelic honey of swift, soft Italian vowels rolling off their lips, as they discuss the merits of a far-gone banana! Or, rushing round the corner, his scapulary whizzing in the air, his thick curls dancing in the wind he makes, his bold black eyes flashing with demon glee, the incipient brigand of seven, pursued by the screaming owner of the protoplasmic hat he

flourishes about his head! Or, sitting in a doorway, her thin legs bare, her slim body tracing its outline through her poor frock, her thin but pretty fingers playing with an artificial flower, outcast finery snatched from an ash-barrel, a little girl of ten, with a sweet oval face, lips of a wan rose, eyes of soft blue, her delicate ears spoiled with gold earrings, and her thick hair drawn up on the top of her head and fastened with a piece



THE TYPICAL AMERICAN HOUSE.

cept that its low-pitched roof suggests the chalet rather than turret and tower. Its color harmonizes with the hue of the surroundings, and when half-concealed with climbing vines, or half-hidden among the thickets bordering creek or forest, the log-cabin not only fits into the picture admirably, but it piques the curiosity and the interest of the wayfarer who beholds from afar what seems to be a haven of rest, a home of comfort and honest industry, a primitive habitation inviting inspection and imitation.

NOAH BROOKS.

ART IN THE SLUMS.

THIS summer, for the first time in many years, I found myself obliged to spend the pleasantest weeks of the season in the city; and so closely was I confined to my work that when it was over for the day I had to be content with what amusement I could get out of the homely quarter where I live. I had to find it in my own way. I sought it in the slums, and I used to come back from my rambles with one thought, and that is: Where are our artists, and what are they doing while all this picturesque contem-

porary life goes on at their very elbows, all unnoticed? I have had a good dip into Italy in my time, and I am sure that with Thompson Street at hand there is no need of having models in the Piazza di Spagna. Where will you see better Italians, if it be Italians you are after, than you will find here? Look at them: combing one another's hair in doorways, and such hair! Or chattering, chaffing, and gesticulating around fish-carts or vegetable wagons! Or standing, three in a group, neat as wax, all dressed in calico, waist and skirt of different color and pattern, innocent of hoops, each with a clean white apron, each with her hair coiled round her head in fine braids, well oiled, and looking like a pretty beehive, and each holding a small baby as clean as herself! Or, if you will study children, here they are in rich variety! Luca della Robbia cherubs, or those of Perugino's making, quintessence of innocence, angelic honey of swift, soft Italian vowels rolling off their lips, as they discuss the merits of a far-gone banana! Or, rushing round the corner, his scapulary whizzing in the air, his thick curls dancing in the wind he makes, his bold black eyes flashing with demon glee, the incipient brigand of seven, pursued by the screaming owner of the protoplasmic hat he

of twine—do you think that Ingres would have passed such a subject by? Or Raphael, who, the old story said, stopped at just such a sight as he walked in the Roman streets to draw a peasant woman and her children on the head of a cask. These are my Italians, but the negroes are better subjects for the sketch-book, being native here, and to the manor born—however we may read our Shakespeare! This corner of THE ART AMATEUR allowed me leaves room for only one picture—that of a handsome couple, as free of the world and as careless of the eyes of creeping or crawling things as Adam and Eve in the Garden, who come down the opposite sidewalk swinging their hands locked by the little finger; he talking nonsense in her ear, she laughing with splendid teeth and rich eyes, and with her left hand swinging a pine-apple round her shoulder, held by its green crown. Or, if not Adam and Eve, then Paul and Virginia, with Sullivan Street for Martinique! What hired models, in borrowed clothes and affected attitudes, could give an artist such hints as these—and the city is full of them—and yet they are as utterly neglected as if they did not exist! Some day will come an artist who will make a name by the use to which he will put this rich mine.

C. C.